THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY

WHAT HE TOLD ME AT THE STILE.

It was the day before he went
To join his ship, a Sabbath day;
The air was fragrant with the scent
That came from fields of new-mown hay.

When church was out, I know not why
I paused a moment at the door;
He did not bow and pass me by
As he had often done before.

But, coming straight to where I stood,
He asked if he might see me home;
And o'er the field and through the wood
A happy hour we two did roam.

We plucked the poppies in the field,
And in the wood we gathered ferns,
But half his thought he kept concealed
Like hidden fire that smouldering burns.

But when we reached the stile that crowns
The hill above my father's farm,
Even as a sinking man that drowns
He seized me quickly by the arm.

And as I stood with bated breath,
Not knowing what to do or say,
He told his love, and said till death
My face would be his star alway.

I wonder if he sees his star
While sailing weary, weary miles
Over the southern billows, far
Away among the tropic isles?

Surely he must, for steadfastly
It shines with light for none but him;
Ay, everybody seeing me
Says that my eyes are growing dim.

It is because from morn till night
I gaze across the treacherous deep:
But when he comes they will be bright
Once more, and I no longer weep.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

THE LITTLE GOLD MINERS OF THE SIERRAS.

The mother had died crossing the plains, and their father had had a leg broken by a wagon wheel passing over it as they descended the Sierras, and he was for a long time after reaching the mines miserable, lame and poor.

The eldest boy, Jim Keene, as I remember him, was a bright little fellow, but wild as an Indian and full of mischief. The next eldest child, Madge, was a girl of ten, her father's favorite, and she was wild enough, too. The youngest was Stumps. Poor, timid, starved Little Stumps! I never knew his real name. But he was the baby, and hardly yet out of petticoats. And he was very short in the legs, very short in the body, very short in the arms and neck; and so he was called Stumps because he looked it. In fact he seemed to have stopped growing entirely. Oh, you don't know how hard the old plains were on everybody when we crossed them in ox-wagons, and it took more than half a year to make the journey. The little children, those that did not die, turned brown like the Indians, in that long, dreadful journey of seven months, and stopped growing for a time.

For the first month or two after reaching the Sierras old Mr. Keene limped about among the mines trying to learn the mystery of finding gold and the art of digging. But at last, having grown strong enough, he went to work for wages, to get bread for his half-wild little ones, for they were destitute indeed.

Things seemed to move on well then. Madge cooked the simple meals, and Little Stumps clung to her dress with his little pinched brown hand wherever she went, while Jim whooped it over the hills and chased jack-rabbits as if he were a greyhound. He would climb trees, too, like a squirrel. And, oh!—it was deplorable—but how he could swear!

At length some of the miners, seeing the boy must come to some bad end if not taken care of, put their heads and their pockets together and sent the children to school. This school was a mile away over the beautiful brown hills, a long, pleasant walk under the green California oaks.

Well, Jim would take the little tin dinner bucket, and his slate, and all their books under his arm and go booming ahead about half a mile in advance, while Madge with brown Little Stumps clinging to her side like a burr, would come stepping along the trail under the oak trees as fast as she could after him.

But if a jack-rabbit, or a deer, or a fox crossed Jim's path, no matter how late it was, or how the teacher had threatened him, he would drop books, lunch, slate and all, and spitting on his hands and rolling up his sleeves, would bound away after it, yelling like a wild Indian. And some days, so fascinating was the chase, Jim did not appear at the school-house at all; and of course Madge and Stumps played truant, too. Sometimes a week together would pass and the Keene children would not be seen at the school-house. Visits from the schoolmaster produced no lasting effect. The children would come for a day or two, then be seen no more. The schoolmaster and their father at last had a serious talk about the matter.

"What *can* I do with him?" said Mr. Keene.

"You'll have to put him to work," said the schoolmaster. "Set him to hunting nuggets instead of bird's-nests. I guess what the boy wants is some honest means of using his strength. He's a good boy, Mr. Keene; don't despair of him. Jim would be proud to be an 'honest miner.' Jim's a good boy, Mr. Keene."

"Well, then, thank you, Schoolmaster," said Mr. Keene. "Jim's a good boy; and Madge is good, Mr. Schoolmaster; and poor starved and stunted motherless Little Stumps, he is good as gold, Mr. Schoolmaster. And I want to be a mother to 'em—I want to be father and mother to 'em all, Mr. Schoolmaster. And I'll follow your advice. I'll put 'em all to work a-huntin' for gold."

The next day away up on the hillside under a pleasant oak, where the air was sweet and cool, and the ground soft and dotted over with flowers, the tender-hearted old man that wanted to be "father and mother both," "located" a claim. The flowers were kept fresh by a little stream of waste water from the ditch that girded the brow of the hill above. Here he set a sluice-box and put his three little miners at work with pick, pan and shovel. There he left them and limped back to his own place in the mine below.

And how they did work! And how pleasant it was here under the broad boughs of the oak, with the water rippling through the sluice on the soft, loose soil which they shoveled into the long sluice-box. They could see the mule-trains going and coming, and the clouds of dust far below which told them the stage was whirling up the valley. But Jim kept steadily on at his work day after day. Even though jack-rabbits and squirrels appeared on the very scene, he would not leave till, like the rest of the honest miners, he could shoulder his pick and pan and go down home with the setting sun.

Sometimes the men who had tried to keep the children at school would come that way, and, with a sly smile, talk very wisely about whether or not the new miners would "strike it" under the cool oak among the flowers on the hill. But Jim never stopped to talk much. He dug and wrestled away, day after day, now up to his waist in the pit.

One Saturday evening the old man limped up the hillside to help the young miners "clean up."

He sat down at the head of the sluice-box and gave directions how they should turn off the most of the water, wash down the "toilings" very low, lift up the "riffle," brush down the "apron," and finally set the pan in the lower end of the "sluice-toil" and pour in the quicksilver to gather up and hold the gold.

"What for you put your hand in de water for, papa?" querried Little Stumps, who had left off his work, which consisted mainly of pulling flowers and putting them in the sluice-box to see them float away. He was sitting by his father's side, and he looked up in his face as he spoke.

"Hush, child," said the old man, softly, as he again dipped his thumb and finger in his vest pocket as if about to take snuff. But he did not take stuff. Again his hand was reached down to the rippling water at the head of the sluice-box And this time curious but obedient Little Stumps was silent.

Suddenly there was a shout, such a shout from Jim as the hills had not heard since he was a school boy.

He had the "color." "Two colors! three, four, five — a dozen!" The boy shouted like a Modoc, threw down the brush, and scraper, and kissed his little sister over and over, and cried as he did so; then he whispered softly to her as he again took up his brush and scraper, that it was for papa; all for poor papa; that he did not care for himself, but he did want to help poor, tired, and crippled papa." But papa did not seem to be excited so very much.

The little miners were now continually wild with excitement. They were up and at work Monday morning at dawn. The men who were in the father's tender secret congratulated the children heartily and made them presents of several small nuggets to add to their little horde.

In this way they kept steadily at work for half the summer. All the gold was given to papa to keep. Papa weighed it each week, and I suppose secretly congratulated himself that he was getting back about as much as he put in.

Before quite the end of the third month, Jim struck a thin bed of blue gravel. The miners who had been happily chuckling and laughing among themselves to think how they had managed to keep Jim out of mischief, began to look at each other and wonder how in the world blue gravel ever got up there on the hill. And in a few days more there was a well-defined bed of blue gravel, too, and not one of the miners could make it out.

One Saturday evening shortly after, as the old man weighed their gold he caught his breath, started and stood up straight; straighter than he had stood since he crossed the Plains. Then he hastily left the cabin. He went up the hill to the children's claim almost without limping. Then he took a pencil and an old piece of a letter, and wrote out a notice and tacked it up on the big oak-tree, claiming those mining claims, according to miners' law, for the three children. A couple of miners laughed as they went by in the twilight, to see what he was doing; and he laughed with them. But as he limped on down the hill he smiled.

That night, as they sat at supper, he told the children that as they had been such faithful and industrious miners, he was going to give them each a present, besides a little gold to spend as they pleased.

So he went up to the store and bought Jim a red shirt, long black and bright gum boots, a broad-brimmed hat and a belt. He also bought each of the other children some pretty trappings, and gave each a dollar's worth of gold dust. Madge and Stumps handed their gold back to "poor papa." But Jim was crazy with excitement. He put on his new clothes and went forth to spend his dollar. And what do yu suppose he bought? I hesitate to tell you. But what he bought was a pipe and a paper of tobacco!

That red shirt, that belt and broad-brimmed hat, together with the shiny top boots, had been too much for Jim's balance. How could a man—he spoke of himself as a man now—how could a man be an "honest miner" and not smoke a pipe?

And now with his manly clothes and his manly pipe he was to be so happy! He had all that went to make up "the honest miner." True, he did not let his father know about the pipe. He hid it under his pillow at night. He meant to have his first smoke at the sluice-box, as a miner should.

Monday morning he was up with sun and ready for his work. His father, who worked down the Gulch, had already gone before the children had finished their breakfast. So now Jim filled his bran-new pipe very leisurely; and with as much calm unconcern as if he had been smoking for forty years, he stopped to scratch a match on the door as he went out.

From under his broad hat he saw his little sister watching him, and he fairly swelled with importance as Stumps looked up at *him* with childish wonder. Leaving Madge to wash the few dishes and follow as she could with Little Stumps, he started on up the hill, pipe in mouth.

He met several miners, but he puffed away like a tug-boat against the tide, and went on. His bright new boots whetted and creaked together, the warm wind lifted the broad brim of his *sombrero*, and his bright new red shirt was really beautiful, with the green grass and oaks for a background—and so this brave young man climbed the hill to his mine. Ah, he was so happy!

Suddenly as he approached the claim, his knees began to smite together, and he felt so weak he could hardly drag one foot after the other. He threw down his pick, he began to tremble and spin around. The world seemed to be turning over and over, and he trying in vain to hold on to it. He jerked the pipe from his teeth, and throwing it down on the bank, he tumbled down, too, and clutching at the grass with both hands tried hard, oh! so hard, to hold the world from slipping from under him.

"O, Jim, you are white as snow," cried Madge as she came up.

"White as 'er sunshine, an' blue, an' green, too, sisser. Look at brurrer 'all colors,' " piped Little Stumps pitifully.

"O, Jim, Jim—brother Jim, what is the matter?" sobbed Madge.

"Sun stroke," murmured the young man, smiling grimly, like a true Californian. "No; it is not sun-stroke, it's—it's cholera," he added in dismay over his falsehood.

Poor boy! he was sorry for this second lie, too. He fairly groand in agony of body and soul.

Oh, how he did hate that pipe! How he did want to get up and jump on it and smash it into a thoushand pieces! But he could not get up or turn around or move at all without betraying his unmanly secret.

A couple of miners came up, but Jim feebly begged them to go.

"Sunstroke," whispered his sister.

"No; tolera," piped poor Little Stumps.

"Get out! Leave me!" groaned the young red-shirted miner of the Sierras.

The biggest of the two miners bent over him a moment.

"Yas; it's both," he muttered. "Cholera-nicotine-fantum!" Then he looked at his partner and winked wickedly. Without a word, he took the limp young miner up in his arms and bore him down the hill to his father's cabin, while Stumps and Madge ran along at either side, and tenderly and all the time kept asking what was good for "cholera."

The other old "honest miner" lingered behind to pick up the balefui pipe which he knew was somewhere there; and when the little party was far enough down the hill, he took it up and buried it in his own capacious pocket with a half-sorrowful laugh. "Poor little miner," he sighed.

"Don't ever swear any more Windy," pleaded the boy to the miner who had carried him hown the hill, as he leaned over him, "and don't never lie. I am going to die, Windy, and I should like to be good. Windy, it *ain't* sunstroke. it's"—

"Hush yer mouth," growled Windy. "I know what 'tis! We've left it on the hill."

The boy turned his face to the wall. The conviction was strong upon him that he was going to die. The world spun round now very, very fast, indeed. Finally, half rising in bed, he called Little Stumps to his side:

"Stumps, dear, good little Stumps, if I die don't you never, never try for to smoke, for that's what's the matter with me. No, Stumps—dear little brother Stumps—don't you never try for to go the whole of the 'honest miner,' for it can't be did by a boy! We're nothing but boys, you and I, Stumps—Little Stumps."

He sank back in bed and Little Stumps and his sister cried and cried, and kissed him and kissed him.

The miners who had gathered around loved him now, every one, for daring to tell the truth and take the shame of his folly so bravely.

"I'm going to die, Windy," groaned the boy.

Windy could stand no more of it. He took Jim's hand with a cheery laugh. "Git well in half an hour," said he, "now that you've out with the truth."

And so he did. By the time his father came home he was sitting up; and he ate breakfast the next morning as if nothing had happened. But he never tried to smoke any more as long as he lived. And he never lied, and he never swore any more.

Oh, no! this Jim that I have been telling you of is "Moral Jim," of the Sierras. The mine? Oh! I almost forgot. Well, that blue dirt was the old bed of the stream, and it was ten times richer than where the miners were all at work below. Struck it! I should say so! Ask any of the old Sierras miners about "The Children's Claim." if you want to hear just how rich they struck it.—*Joaquin Miller, in Wide Awake.*

Covering Floors by a New Process.

A new process of covering floors is described as follows: The floor is thoroughly cleaned. The holes and cracks are then filled with paper putty, made by soaking newspapers in a paste made as follows: To one pound of flour add three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of ground alum, and mix thoroughly. The floor is coated with this paste, and then a thickness of manilla or hardware paper is put on. This is allowed to dry thoroughly. The manilla paper is then covered with paste and a layer of wall paper of any style or design is put on. After allowing this to dry thoroughly it is covered with two or three more coats of sizing made by dissolving half a pound of white glue in two quarts of water. After this is allowed to dry the surface is given in one coat of "hard oil finish varnish," which can be bought already prepared. This is allowed to dry thoroughly, when the floor is ready for use. The process is represented to be durable and cheap, and besides taking the place of matting, carpet, oilcloths, or like covering, makes the floor air-tight, and permits of its being washed.—*Chicago Times.*

—I have often found nothing so good for fatigue as hard work. I arrived in New York last winter, worn out and depressed by business troubles, and the death of one very near to me. I was so despondent that if I had not been under contract, and if I had had any choice in the matter, I might have remained on the other side. But fortunately for myself, I came over, and the first time I sang I felt that I would soon be myself again. —*Nilsson.*

—A scientist says that the American has within thirty years acquired greater breadth of jaw. But, then, beefsteaks were tenderer thirty years ago.—*N. Y. Herald*

The Unforgotten Dead.

A florist who has for years been established near the main entrance of Greenwood Cemetery said a few days ago:

"I have in my charge 400 or 500 cemetery lots, most of which I have for nineteen years had to keep in handsome condition, and upon nearly all of which I have been required from time to time to place floral remembrances. I have men whose duty it is to examine daily the list of remembrances for that day and carry out the instructions given us. Upon one mound will be laid a wreath or pillow of flowers bearing the word "Wife" or "Mother;" upon another "Husband" or "Father." In one place a bouquet will be left, often comprised entirely of certain specified flowers. Sometimes a vault must be opened and beautiful floral pieces placed inside upon particular coffins. The utmost care is exercised to make sure that these commissions are never neglected. Many people visit with great regularity the graves of their lost ones. One gentleman, a wealthy business man in New York, resident in Brooklyn, has for nineteen years come here regularly every Sunday, when he was not confined to his bed by illness, to lay an offering of flowers upon the grave of his wife. I have seen him come in winter, when the snow was up to his knees in the cemetery paths; in November days, when the rain was pouring; in summer, when the heat was most intense. If he ever missed a Sunday we knew that he was laid up with the rheumatism.

"Another gentleman has for nearly five years had floral wreaths placed by us, once a week, upon the coffins of his wife and mother, in a vault, and upon all special days—Decoration Day, Christmas, Easter, and the anniversaries of his wife's and mother's deaths—exceptionally large and costly pieces. Another gentleman, the son-in-law of a city railway President, has had flowers placed by us weekly on the grave of his wife for twelve years past, and still another, for almost as long a time, has had a bouquet placed, upon a certain day in every week, on the coffin of his wife, in a vault.

"Women? Well, yes; they do, now and then, show very strong remembrance of their dead. One lady expends $500 a year in decorating her husband's grave. In addition to keeping it beautified by growing plants and decorated weekly with cut flowers, she has floral pieces, costing $50 each, put on it at Easter and upon the anniversaries of his birth and death. This she has done since 1876, and not only does she go to this expense, but she makes a weekly visit to the grave herself in all weathers. I don't mean to measure the depth of the love of either men or women by the sums of money they expend. There are several women whom I know by sight, who come here regularly on Sundays and buy fifty-cent bouquets to lay upon some grave. That little sum is, without doubt, to some of them as great as the $50 that the rich widow spends for her floral piece is to her.

"My sales of grave bouquets of all prices, from fifty cents up to $5, frequently amount to as many as one hundred in a single day. On Sundays this trade is greatest, for that is the only day that many persons can afford to come here. Generally these bouquets are made flat, to lie on the grave, but often parties buy large cast-iron bouquet holders, bronzed and lily-shaped, in which tall pyramidal bouquets are placed. People who are most demonstrative in their first grief seem to forget easiest. We see them come, for a while, every week, and buy flowers for the graves. Then their visits become rather less frequent and their purchases smaller. In a year or two they cease coming.

"I have heard a Spanish story of a widow whose cynical husband, on his death-bed, asked of her a pledge that at least she would not marry again until the surface of the clay over his grave should become dry. She gave the pledge, but the morning after his burial was found sitting by the grave fanning it, that the moisture of the earth might evaporate the more quickly. I have never known a case quite so bad as that, but I have seen some widows who got over affliction very quickly."

A leading florist said: "Beyond supplying flowers for funerals we derive little profit from death. Some of the orders for funerals which we fill are very costly, amounting to as much as $100 frequently, and sometimes to double that amount. But lavish expenditure in that direction is less common now than it used to be. New designs are not frequent. The most novel one that I was ever called upon to fill was for a magnificent pillow, sent by a young man to the funeral of his dead chum, upon which he had worked in the letters 'S. Y. L.,' which, being interpreted, signified 'See you later.'"

One of the cemetery florists said: "I sell a good many plants to poor people, who cannot afford to constantly put cut flowers on the graves of their relatives or friends, yet want them to look well. They plant them themselves, and look after them from time to time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Diamond Trade.

What has become of all the diamonds mined from the earliest times is a question to which no determinate answer can be given. Some have been buried to escape the ruthless grasp of invaders, others lie at the bottom of the ocean, while a considerable quota has been lots by fire and other accidents. Allowing for disappearances by these causes, diamonds of an incalculable aggregate value must be stored in private hands. India is suspected by many as being the great absorber. The old mine stones of extreme beauty and value, and which never fall off in price—stones gathered ages since—are still objects of search in European Turkey and throughout Central Asia, and are among acquisitions. A larger proportion of the diamonds which has constituted the stock of trade since 1870 has come from the South African diamond fields, a fortunate resource after the comparative exhaustion of the India and Brazil mines. Brazil supplies limited qualities of extremely fine stones; so also Ceylon. The stones from India are bought at all prices. The South African yield is not confined, according to the general impression, to medium and low grades. Large London and Paris houses have traveling and residential buyers in India, Turkey and other countries. The product of the Kimberly mine, which occupy an area of one and a quarter square miles, with those of other neighboring mines, and are worked by a number of companies with an aggregate capital of $32,000,000, is controlled by London, French and Dutch syndicates, whose buyers are on the spot, and whose prices at times greatly differ. The aim of each is to consolidate, as far as possible, mining interests in its favor, while they unite in action taken to a certain extent. They are always ready to make advances when mines are working at a loss, or to place goods on the market which they have not succeeded in buying up, securing themselves by a broad margin on the sums advanced. The principal market for rough diamonds in London. These are mainly cut in Amsterdam and Antwerp. The former city has six thousand cutters of unsurpassed reputation. Large steam-factories for cutting have been established there, each containing several hundred machines. The business is singularly individualized, the cutters separately, or in combination with others of the craft, buying and selling stones. As this country is getting to be an important diamond market, there is no reason why New York should not hereafter do most of its cutting.

Fine qualities of diamonds, those which are not off-color and in other respects all but perfect, are getting scarcer, particularly blue-white. Prices of all grades have steadily advanced since the curtailment of the South African supply. Diamonds in the rough of low grade that brought at the South African mines in February last thirty shillings per carat now realize fifty-two shillings sixpence. The stock held here is larger than usual, advantage having been taken by our importers of the low prices then prevailing in the European diamond marts in anticipation of a more than ordinary active trade. In the last two months the advance on rough stones has been fully forty per cent., and on cut stones, which are but half the original bulk through the process of cutting, twenty per cent. Prices are still going up, there being no prospect of full operations being resumed at Kimberly mines for a year or more. While values are variable among the syndicates at the Cape, they maintain a certain uniformity in the European centers of the trade. The business of buyers is thus mainly in suitable selections. Transfers are continually taking place between these centers, no customs duties interfering. An intending buyer will often have the very same parcel he has inspected in Paris submitted to him in London. A few months ago, trade being dull here and prices off, it might have paid to re-export diamonds to Paris or London, but the narrow margin of the profit, with duty paid, did not justify the venture. The improving scale of the American trade is in part due to the circumstance that the wear of diamonds by ladies is not confined in the United States, as in Europe, to dress occasions. The American trade limits its purchases to well-cut stones, and retail diamond dealers abroad and at home agree that of all purchasers Americans are most appreciative and critical. A circumstance that facilitates assessment of values in this line is that when the eyes have become familiarized to a fine diamond any inferior grade as to form and brilliancy can at once be detected. New York, as the great diamond center of the country, necessarily receives the great bulk of importations. The import trade in diamonds has more than trebled the past ten years. The Treasury customs returns blend fancy stones and diamonds under the head of precious stones. The latter do not amount to a tenth of the aggregate value stated. The aggregate value of "precious stones" in the last three official years was as follows: Year ended June 30, 1880, $6,698,488; 1881, $8,090,411; 1882, $8,444,525. A moderate number of rough stones are imported, as those escape all duty, and the services of expert cutters are now obtainable here. The former duty of fifteen per. cent on loose stones, cut, was unchanged by the amended tariff. The mounting of diamonds, bringing them within the classification of jewelry, entails a duty of twenty-five per cent. and so prevents the importation of jewelry in which diamonds are set, except for patterns. The chief retail trade is that of New York, which is followed, in the order named, by Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis. A leading demand in the West is for large, fine diamonds.

The preference of the wealthy in Europe for precious fancy stones—such as rubies, sapphires, emeralds, cats' eyes—over diamonds, gives signs of being followed here by persons of wealth, purchases being, of course, confined to veritable gems. A perfect, fine, pigeon blood ruby is, indeed, more valuable than a diamond of the same weight. Star sapphires, distinctly fine, are extremely rare; so also Egyptian turquoise. Fancy stones generally, fine and well proportioned, are by no means abundant.—*Bradstreet's.*

An Anecdote of Judge Black.

Ben. Perley Poore relates the following anecdote of Judge Black: "Black was very absent-minded. Once, when he was coming to Washington, Mrs. Black said to him: 'I want you to promise me that you will put on a clean shirt every morning, and I have put six into your trunk. Please do, and don't let me see in Washington papers allusion to your dirty linen.' The Judge promised, left, and in a week returned. After speaking to his wife he went into his office, where he was soon absorbed in studying a case. After awhile in came Mrs. Black. 'Why, Judge,' she said, 'what have you done with all the shirts you took to Washington?' 'Done with the shirts?' exclaimed the Judge, abstractedly. 'Yes, the shirts,' said the matron. 'O!' replied the Judge, 'why, I put on a clean one every morning, as I promised you I would.' 'Yes, Judge, but what did you do with those you took off? you have not brought a single one back.' The truth just then flashed on the Judge's mind, and an examination disclosed the fact that the old gentleman had put on a clean shirt every morning over those which he already wore."

—There is a poisonous weed in Gallatin County, Montana, which is death to sheep. When they eat it they become crazy, leave the band, and run headlong into the river.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—From the cafe converts, etc., on Champs Elysees the city of Paris nets about $30,000 a year in licenses.

—An ear of corn containing 1,100 well matured grains was grown in the Grosse Tete, Louisiana.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—In some parts of Russia it is believed that if the bride tastes the cake on the eve of the wedding her husband will not love her.

—When Lord Coleridge was asked in Chicago whether he would like to inspect the process of sausage-making, he replied: "No. I thank you; I guess I won't. I eat sausages sometimes.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Cattle, a writer says, are maliciously destroyed in India by wounding them with a spike molded from the seeds of the *Arbus precatonios*. Death ensues on the second day, but the powdered seeds have little or no bad effect when taken internally.

—The society reporter of the Rochester (N. Y.) *Post-Express* kindly informs us that "it is not in accordance with the usages of polite society to ask an elderly lady whether she remembers when the comet of 1812 was here before." Wonder if this man is the author of "Don't."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—At Yuma, Cal., the other day a man left his lodging armed with a pistol and rifle and shot at every one he met. He was not a first-class marksman and only succeeded in hitting one man, who was lamed for life. He finally ended his day's sport by shooting himself fatally.—*San Francisco Call.*

—A wild pig found in the woods near Lytle Station, Ky., was, after considerable difficulty, so trained by his finder that he would follow his master as the historic lamb followed Mary. Whenever his master sits down to eat the pig will lie down by his side, and eat and drink whatever his trainer hands him.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Indians in Brazil use ants to dress wounds, causing them to bite the edges together and then cutting off the head; the jaws will not relax, but hold the wound together until healed. They were formerly used as a cruel instrument of torture by South American tribes, who tied their victim to a tree, smeared his body with grease and placed an ants' nest at his feet.

—An aged owl, the pet of a household, in Porthmouth, N. H., passed away and was buried at night with distinguished honors, slow music and the recitation of appropriate lines from the "Burial of Sir John Moore." Above the grave of the pet bird (which, by the way, was dubbed William) is the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of William Owl; born, 1880; died, 1883."—*Boston Post.*

—On the 25th day of September, two or three thousand years ago, a great Mongolian philosopher fell asleep and his soul was transported to the moon, where he saw a play. Coming back to earth he built the first theatre and collected the first company of actors ever known in the world. Hence the feast called "Congratulating the Moon," which the Chinese celebrate on each succeeding anniversary.—*N. Y. Times.*

—They lived in Springfield, Mass., loved and got married. All arrangements were made for a little wedding trip, but the groom found it impossible to leave, owing to business. So the bride went ahead to wait for him at a neighboring city. She was there a week, and still he could not escape his engagements. Then she went home. In a day or two business permitted, and the groom started off alone on his wedding tour.—*Boston Herald.*

—A young man from Texas married a girl in North Carolina and then proposed to leave her while he worked his way back to his Texas home in the hope of there earning some money to send for her. She said, however, that she preferred to accompany him on foot. They therefore made their journey of one thousand miles as tramps, but their good appearanee gained for them considerable help along the way, and for the last fifty miles they rode triumphantly in a carriage provided by an enthusiastic admirer of their pluck.—*Detroit Post.*

—The swells of Washington are an imitative lot. President Arthur, while standing alone on the back porch of the White House listening to one of the regular afternoon concerts of the marine band on the lawn, took out his handkerchief, and after using it, carefully folded it again and replaced it in his pocket. His actions were closely scanned by the whole crowd of spectators, and now every swell in Washington carefully holds his handkerchief out before him and deliberately folds it, as the President was seen to do, before replacing the rag in his pocket.—*Washington Post.*

—Two men in Miles City, M. T., pretended to have learned by telegraph that the Government had thrown open the eastern part of the Fort Keogh reservation to settlers. They whispered this cautiously to special friends, enjoining strict secrecy. Before night there was a stampede, the supposed public land claims were staked off, shanties were put up, tents were pitched, and the jokers say that a town was laid out, and a real estate "boom" was under full headway before nine o'clock in the evening. But by ten the joke was out, and the place was deserted.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Some practical joker at Humboldt Wells, Nev., "stood up" a railroad conductor and despoiled him of his valuables. Instead of "babying" over it, he got even. He took a lawyer into his confidence, and swore out papers charging the jokers with highway robbery. When his joke began to assume a serious aspect the people of Wells thought he was in dead earnest, and every available influence was brought to bear to pull his way from his ostensible purpose. He was apparently inflexible until he found he had his tormentors thoroughly scared, and then he relented.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—That the wild horse is not of exclusively Asiatic origin is disputed not only by Dr. A. Mehring, but by Prof. Morse, the latter showing conclusively that the natural country of the horse was America; but there is reason for the belief that the animal existed nearly in its present form as far back as the tertiary age.—*N. Y. Tribune.*